A moſt Godly and comfortoble ballad of the Glorious Reſurrection of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, how he triumpheth over Death, Hell and Sin, whereby we are certainly perſwaded of our riſing againe from the dead,

The tune is, Rogero.

What faithleſs froward ſinfull man,
ſo far from grace is fled,
That doth not in his heart beliue,
the riſing of the dead.
Or why do wicked mortall men,
their liues ſo vainly frame,
Which being dead they do ſuppoſe,
they ſhall not riſe againe.

For why if that the dead indeed,
which now conſuming lyes.
Shall not by God be rais'd again,
then Chriſt did never riſe.
And if ſo be our Saviour ſweet,
did not riſe from the death
Our preaching is of no effect
and vaine is hope on Earth.

If Chriſt roſe not again I ſay,
then are we yet in ſin,
And they that fall aſleep in him
no part of joy ſhall win.
Of all the creatures living then,
which God on earth did frame,
Moſt wretched are the ſtates of men,
which ſpend their dayes in vaine.

But Chriſt is riſen up from dead,
as it was right and meet,
And thereby trod down death and hell,
and ſin under his feet.
And that the ſame to ſimple men,
the plainer might appear,
The gracious riſing of the Lord,
his word declareth cleare.

When he within the grave was laid,
the Jewes did watchmen ſet,
Leſt by his friends his corps from thence
ſhould ſecretly be ſent.
A mighty ſtone likewiſe they did,
on his ſepulchre role,
And all for fear his body ſhould,
away from thence be ſtole.

But in the dead time of the night,
a mighty earth-quake came,
The which did ſhake both Sea and Land
and all within the ſame.
And then the Angel of the Lord,
came down from heaven ſo high,
And rol'd away the mighty ſtone,
which on the Grave did lye.

A moſt Godly and comfortoble ballad of the Glorious Reſurrection of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, how he triumpheth over Death, Hell and Sin, whereby we are certainly perſwaded of our riſing againe from the dead,

The tune is, Rogero.

What faithleſs froward ſinfull man,
ſo far from grace is fled,
That doth not in his heart beliue,
the riſing of the dead.
Or why do wicked mortall men,
their liues ſo vainly frame,
Which being dead they do ſuppoſe,
they ſhall not riſe againe.

For why if that the dead indeed,
which now conſuming lyes.
Shall not by God be rais'd again,
then Chriſt did never riſe.
And if ſo be our Saviour ſweet,
did not riſe from the death
Our preaching is of no effect
and vaine is hope on Earth.

If Chriſt roſe not again I ſay,
then are we yet in ſin,
And they that fall aſleep in him
no part of joy ſhall win.
Of all the creatures living then,
which God on earth did frame,
Moſt wretched are the ſtates of men,
which ſpend their dayes in vaine.

But Chriſt is riſen up from dead,
as it was right and meet,
And thereby trod down death and hell,
and ſin under his feet.
And that the ſame to ſimple men,
the plainer might appear,
The gracious riſing of the Lord,
his word declareth cleare.

When he within the grave was laid,
the Jewes did watchmen ſet,
Leſt by his friends his corps from thence
ſhould ſecretly be ſent.
A mighty ſtone likewiſe they did,
on his ſepulchre role,
And all for fear his body ſhould,
away from thence be ſtole.

But in the dead time of the night,
a mighty earth-quake came,
The which did ſhake both Sea and Land
and all within the ſame.
And then the Angel of the Lord,
came down from heaven ſo high,
And rol'd away the mighty ſtone,
which on the Grave did lye.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune,

His face did ſhine like flaming fire,
his Clothes were white as ſnow,
Which put the watch men in great fear,
who ran away for wo.
And told unto the High Prieſt plain,
what I do now rehearſe,
Who hired them for mony ſtreight,
that they would hold their peace.

And ſay quoth he his Servants came,
which he ſometimes did kéep,
And ſecretly ſtole him away,
while we were found aſléep.
And if that Herod hear thereof,
we will perſwade him ſo,
That you ſhall find no hurt at all,
where ever you do goe.

But faithfull Mary Magdalen,
and James, his Mother too,
had brought great ſtore of oyntment ſwéet
as Jeſus were wont to do.
Who roſe up early in the morne,
before that it was day,
The body of the Lord t'noynt.
in Gave whereas he lay.

And then unto the Grave they ran,
they were in wondrous fear,
They ſaw a Young man in the ſame,
but Chriſt they ſaw not there,
Then ſaid the Angel unto them
why are you ſo afraid,
The Lord whom you do ſéek I know,
is riſen up he ſaid.

Then went the women both away,
who told theſe tydings then,
To John and Peter who in haſt,
to the ſepulchre ran,
Who found it as the woman ſaid,
and then away did go,
But Mary ſtayed wéeping ſtill.,
whoſe tears declar'd her wo.

Wholoking down into the Grave,
two Angels there did ſée,
Quoth they why wéeps this woman ſo,
even for my Lord quoth ſhe.
And turning then her ſelf aſide,
as ſhe ſtood wéeping ſo,
The Lord was ſtanding at her back,
but him ſhe did not know.

Why doth this woman wéep he ſaid,
whom ſéekes thée in this place,
She thought he had a Gardner béen,
and thus ſhe ſhewed her caſe.
If thou haſt born him hence ſhe ſaid,
then tell me where he is,
And for to fetch him back againe,
before I will not miſſe.

What Mary then our Saviour ſaid,
doſt thou lament for me,
O Maſter liveſt thou againe,
my ſoul doth joy in thée,
O Mary touch me not he ſaid;
ere I have béen above,
Even with my God the onely God,
and Father whom we love.

And often times did Chriſt appeare,
to his Diſciples all,
But Thomas would not it believe,
his Faith it was ſo ſmall.
Except that he might thruſt his hand
into the wound ſo wide,
And put his finger where the Speare,
did pierce his tender ſide.

Then Chriſt which knew all ſecrets,
to them againe came he.
Who ſaid to Thomas, here I am,
as plainly thou mayeſt ſée.
Sée here the hands which nailes did pierce
and holes are in my ſide,
And be not faithleſs O thou man,
for whom theſe paines I bide,

Thus ſundry times Chriſt ſhewed himſelf
when he did riſe againe.
And then aſcended into Heaven,
in Glory for to raigne,
Where he prepaires a place for thoſe,
whom he ſhall raiſe likewiſe,
To live with him in heavenly blis,
above the lofty Skyes.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and
W. Gilbertſon.